

Facing New York, Full Turn

This place is growing old,
Weathering, aging.
Seasons flicker by.
It gives the theatre light to show a film, the memoir of a boy.

Note the movie score:
Pieced together with glue and rubber bands,
Edited, and abridged to race through time, and still remain a child.

The movie cuts from scene to scene, filmed quite awkwardly.
Now look, he's barking like a beast, in his mid twenties.
Still, there is no audience to see this young man's misery.
What does he do with this degree from the university?

He lays his body down, eyes close slowly.
Dark is the room, doorless, lonely.
Keep the camera on, can't miss a second.
He tosses and turns, then it's back to sleep again.

His skull is soft, his feet protrude the bed.

Big, full turn; stuck between the nine and five.
Sharp, left turn; the sacrifice to stay alive.

(turn it)
Seven to one, seven to one.
Look at his face, look what they've done